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C R I T I C I S M S

ON THE

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W I T H

C O R R E C T I O N S A N D A D D I T I O N S.

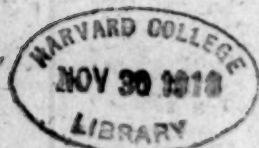
L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D F O R J. R I D G W A Y, O P P O S I T E
S A C K V I L L E - S T R E E T, P I C C A D I L L Y.

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*Gift of the
English Department*

C R I T I C I S M S
O N T H E
R O L L I A D.

W H E N Norman *Rollo* fought fair Albion's coast,
(Long may his offspring prove their country's
boast !)

Thy genius, Britain, sure inspir'd his soul,
To bless this island with the race of *Rolle*.
Illustrious *Rolle* !, O may thy honour'd name
Roll down distinguish'd on the *Rolls* of fame !
Still first be found on Devon's county polls !
Still future senates boast their future *Rolles* !
Since of all *Rolls* which in this world we see,
The world has ne'er produc'd a *Roll* like thee.
Hot *Rolls* and butter break the Briton's fast,
Thy speeches yield a more sublime repast.
Compar'd to thine, how small their boasted heat !
Nor, mix'd with treacle, are they half so sweet.
O'er *Rolls* of parchment Antiquarians pore,
Thy mind, O *Rolle*, affords a richer store.
Let those on law or history who write,
To *Rolls* of Parliament resort for light,

Whilst o'er our Senate from our living *Rolle*,
 Beam the bright rays of an enlighten'd soul ;
 In wonder lost, we slight their useleſs ſtuff,
 And feel one *Rolle* of Parliament enough.
 The ſkill'd muſician, to direct his band ;
 Waves high a *Roll* of paper in his hand ;
 When Pitt would drown the eloquence of Burke,
 You ſeem the *Rolle* beſt ſuited to the work ;
 His well-train'd band, obedient know their cue,
 And cough and groan in uniſon with you.
 Thy God-like anceſtor, in valour tried,
 Still bravely fought by conqu'ring William's ſide ;
 In Britiſh blood he drench'd his purple ſword,
 Proud to partake the triumphs of his Lord ;
 So you, with zeal, ſupport through each debate,
 The conqu'ring William of a later date.
 Whene'er he ſpeaks, attentive ſtill to hear
 The lofty nothings with a friendly hear,
 And proud your leader's glory to promote,
 Partake his triumph in a faithful vote.
 Ah ! ſure while coronets-like hailſtones fly,
 When Peers are made, the Gods alone know why !
 Thy hero's gratitude, O *Rolle*, to thee
 A ducal diadem might well decree ;
 Great *Rollo's* title to thy houſe reſtore,
 Let E uſurp the place of O no more
 Then *Rolle* himſelf ſhould be what *Rollo* was before.

}

CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD. No. I.

“ Cedile Romani Scriptores, cedite Græci.”

NOTHING can be more consonant to the advice of Horace and Aristotle than the conduct of our author throughout this poem. The action is *one, entire, and great* event, being the procreation of a child on the wife of a *Saxon Drummer*. The Poem opens with a most laboured and masterly description of a *Storm*. *Rollo's* state of mind in this arduous situation is finely painted :

Now *Rollo* storms more loudly than the wind,
Now doubts and black despair perplex his mind;
Hopeless to see his vessel safely harbour'd,
He hardly knows his *starboard* from his *larboard*!

That a hero in distress should not know his *right* hand from his *left*, is most natural and affecting; in other hands, indeed, it would not have appeared sufficiently *poetical*, but the technical expressions of our author convey the idea in all the *blaze of metaphor*. The storm at length subsides, and *Rollo* is safely landed on the coast of *Suffex*. Some of his followers discover and conduct him to the country-house of *Dame Shipton*, a lady of exquisite beauty, and *first Concubine* to the *Usurper Harold*. Her likeness (we all know) is still preserved at the wax-work in *Fleet-street*. To this

Lady he relates with great modesty his former actions, and his design of conquering England, in which (charmed with the grace with which he *eats* and *tells stories*) she promises to assist him, and they set off together for *London*. In the third book *Dame Shipton*, or as the author styles her *Shiptonia*, proposes a party to the puppet-show; on the walk they are surprized by a shower, and retire under Temple Bar, where *Shiptonia* forgets her fidelity to *Harold*. We are sorry to observe, that this incident is not sufficiently *poetical*; nor does *Shiptonia* part with her chastity in so solemn a manner as *Dido* in the *Æneid*. In the opening of the fourth book likewise we think our author inferior to *Virgil*, whom he exactly copies, and in some places translates, he begins in this manner:

But now (for thus it was decreed above)

Shiptonia falls excessively in love;

In every vein, great *Rollo's* eyes and fame

Light up, and then add fuel to the flame!

His words, his beauty, flick within her breast,

Nor do her cares afford her any rest.

Here we think that *Virgil's* "*hærent infixi pectore vultus verbaque,*" is ill translated by the prosaic word *slick*. We must confess, however, that from the despair and death of *Shiptonia*, to the battle of *Hastings*, in which *Rollo* kills, with his own hand, the *Saxon Drummer*, and carries off his wife, the Poem abounds with beautiful details. But the sixth book, in which *Rollo* almost de-

spairing

pairing of success, descends into a *Night Cellar*, to consult this *illustrious Merlin* on his future destiny, is a master-piece of elegance.

From this book, an extract has already been given in the different papers; but as the Philosopher's magic lanthorn exhibits the characters of all *Rollo's* descendants, and even of all those who were to act on the same stage with the Marcellus of the piece, the present *illustrious Mr. Rolle*, we mean to select in our next number, some of the most striking passages of this inexhaustible *Magazine of Poetry*.

No. II. JULY 14, 1784.

OUR author, after giving an account of the immediate descendants of *Rollo*, finds himself considerably embarrassed by the three unfortunate *Rolles*, whom history relates to have been *hanged*. From this difficulty however, he relieves himself by a contrivance equally new and arduous, viz. by versifying the bill of indictment, and inserting in it a *flaw*, by which they are saved from condemnation. But in the transactions of those early times, however dignified the phraseology, and enlivened by fancy, there is little to amaze and less to interest: let us hasten, therefore, to those characters about whom not to be solicitous, is to want curiosity, and whom not to admire is to want gratitude — to those characters, in

Short, whose splendor illuminates the present House of Commons.

Of these, our author's principal favorite appears to be, that amiable *young Nobleman*, whose *diary* we have all perused with so much pleasure. Of him he says,—

———— Superior to abuse,
He nobly glories in the name of GOOSE;
Such Geese at Rome from the perfidious Gaul,
Preserv'd the Treas'ry-Bench and Capital, &c. &c.

In the description of *Lord Mahon*, our author departs a little from his wonted gravity,

———— This *Quixote* of the nation,
Beats his own windmills in gesticulation;
To strike, not please, his utmost force he bends,
And all his sense is at his fingers ends, &c. &c.

But the most beautiful effort of our author's genius, (if we except only the well-known character of *Mr. Rolle* himself) is contained in the description of *Mr. Pitt*.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
Young, with more art than *Sh—ne* glean'd from age,
Too proud from pilfer'd greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call *Dundas* his friend,
In silent dignity and fullen state,
This new *Octavius* rises to debate!
Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
Of *Country Gentlemen* with rapture glow;

He

He fees convuls'd with sympathetic throbs,
Apprentice Peers and deputy—*Nabobs* !
 Nor *Rum Contractors* think his speech too long,
 While words like treacle, trickle from his tongue
 O soul congenial to the *Souls of Rolles* !
 Whether you tax the *luxury* of Coals,
 Or vote some *necessary* millions more,
 To feed an *Indian* friend's exhausted store.
 Fain would I praise (if I like thee could praise)
 Thy matchless virtues in congenial lays.
 But, Ah ! too weak, &c. &c.

This apology, however, is like the "*nolo episcopari*" of Bishops, for our author continues his panegyric during about one hundred and fifty lines more, after which he proceeds to a task (as he says) more congenial to his abilities, and paints

—— in smooth confectionary stile,
 The simpering sadness of his *Mulgrave's* smile.

From the character of this nobleman, we shall only select a part of one couplet, which tends to elucidate our author's astonishing powers in *imitative harmony*.

—— "within his lab'ring throat,——
 The shrill shriek struggles with the harsh hoarse note."

As we mean to excite, and not to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, we shall here put a period to our extracts,

and shall in our next consider our author's *notes on the work*, from which we apprehend that his knowledge as an antiquary, will not appear at all inferior to his excellence as a poet. We cannot, however, conclude this essay, without observing, that there are very few lines in the whole work, which are at all inferior to those we have selected for the entertainment of our readers.

No. III. JULY, 1784.

IT was our intention to have proceeded immediately to the valuable treasures of uncommon erudition contained in the notes of this admirable Poem. We shall, however, at present, take the liberty of postponing this design, and of giving instead, one or two extracts more from the great work itself, for the entertainment of the public. The following beautiful address to Sir Richard Hill, we hope, will alone be a sufficient apology to our readers for the alteration of our plan.

Brother of Rowland, or, if yet more dear,
 Sounds thy new title, Cousin of a Peer;
 Scholar of various learning, good or evil,
 Alike what God inspir'd, or what the Devil;
 Speaker well skill'd, what no man hears, to write;
 Sleep-giving Poet of a sleepless night;

Polemic,

Polemic, Politician, Saint, and Wit,

Now lashing Madan, now defending Pitt;

Thy praises here shall live till time be o'er,

Friend of *King George*, tho' of *King Jesus* more!

The solemnity of this opening is well suited to the dignity of the occasion. The heroes of Homer generally address each other by an appellative marking their affinity to some illustrious personage. The Grecian poet, it must be confessed, in such cases, uses a patronymic, expressive of the genealogy; as *Pelides*, *Æacides*, *Laertiades*; but it is not absolutely necessary to observe this rule. For M^rPherson, a poet with whom our author is most likely to be intimately acquainted, makes his hero Ængal, address Ossian by the title of "Father of Oscar." It should seem therefore to be sufficient, if, in addressing a great man, you particularize any celebrated character of the family, who may be supposed to reflect honour on his connections; and the Reverend Rowland Hill was certainly the most celebrated of our worthy Baronet's relations, before the late creation of Lord Berwick, on which the next line happily touches. The other allusions in the apostrophe, to Sir Richard's promiscuous quotations from the Bible and Rochester; to his elegant compositions in the news-papers, which he calls his *speeches*; to the verses, which he repeated in the House of Commons; to a pamphlet against Mr. Madan, by Richard Hill, Esq. and to an elegant parody of *amicus Socrates*, *amicus Plato*, *sed magis amica veritas*, in the very words adopted by
our

our author ; all these, except indeed the pamphlet, we presume to be too well known to require any illustration. The promise of immortality to the worthy Baronet, by means of the present poem, is truly in the spirit of the classics. The modesty of Virgil, indeed, on a similar occasion, led him to insert a saving clause of

“ Si quid mea carmina possint,”

but our Poet, with the confidence of a superior genius, says to his muse, in the stile of Horace,

—— “ Summe superriam
Quæsitam meritis.”

Our author seems very fond of Mr. Dundas,

—— Whose exalted soul,——

No bond of vulgar prejudice controul ;

Of shame unconscious in his bold career,

He spurns that honor which the weak revere, &c. &c.

But as this gentleman's character is so perfectly well understood by the public, we shall rather select a short catalogue of some among the inferior ministerial heroes, who have hitherto been less frequently described.

Mahon, out-roaring torrents in their course,

Banks the precise, and fluent Wilberforce,

Not Arden, and the cooler Scott repair,

And Villiers, comely with the flaxen-hair ;

The

The gentle Grenville's ever-grinning frow,
And the dark brow of solemn Hamilton.

These miniatures, as we may call them, present us with the very striking likenesses of the living originals. Lord Mahon perhaps might be an excellent figure for a large portrait; but most of the others are seen to as much advantage in this small size as they could possibly have been, had they been taken at full length. In the character of Villiers, it is probable that our author may have had in his eye the Nireus of Homer; who, as the Commentators remark, is celebrated in the catalogue of warriors, for the handsomest man in the Grecian army, and is never mentioned again through the whole twenty-four books of the Iliad.

No. IV. AUGUST 1784.

A NEW edition (being the nineteenth) of this universally admired poem, having been recently published, the ingenious author has taken that opportunity to introduce some new lines on an occasion perfectly congenial to his muse, and in the highest degree interesting to the public; namely, the late *Fast and Thanksgiving*, together with the famous discourse preached in celebration of that day, by that illustrious orator and divine, the Reverend Mr. *Secretary Prettyman*.

man.—This Episode, which is emphatically termed by himself in his prefatory address to this last edition, his *Episode Parsonic*, seems to have been written perfectly *con amore*, and is considered by critics as one of the happiest effusions of the distinguished genius from whose high-wrapped fancy it originated. It consists of nine-and-forty lines, of which, without farther exordium, we shall submit the following extracts to the inspection, or more properly speaking, the admiration of our readers. He sets out with a most spirited compliment to Dr. *Prettyman*. The two first lines are considered by critics as the most successful example of the *alliterative* ornament upon record.

Thou Prince of Preachers, and thou Prince's Priest*;
 Pembroke's † pale pride—in Pitt's *præcordia* plac'd.
 —Thy merit shall all future ages scan,
 And PRINCE be lost in PARSON *Prettyman*.

The beauty of the historical allusion, namely, to *Prince Prettyman*, need not be pointed out to our readers; and the preface that the fame of this Royal personage shall be lost and absorbed in the rising reputation of the ingenious divine, is peculiarly delicate and well turned. The celebrated passage of Virgil

“ Tu Marcellus eris;”

* King's Chaplain.

† The Doctor was educated at Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge University.

is supposed to have been the Poet's recollection at the moment of his conceiving this passage, not that the

“ Oh miserande Peur !”

in the preceding line is imagined to have excited any idea of Mr. Pitt.

Our author now pursues his Hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of *Homer*, who always takes the opportunity for giving a minute description of his *personæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a laboured, but animated detail of the Doctor's personal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the Doctor is distinguished, he says,

Argus could boast an *hundred* eyes, 'tis true,
The Doctor looks an *hundred* ways with *two*;
Gimlets they are, that bore you thro' and thro'.

This is a very elegant and classic compliment, and shews clearly, what a decided advantage our Reverend Hero possesses over the celebrated *ὀφθαλμοδαλός* of antiquity. *Addison* is justly famous in the literary world, for the judgment with which he selects and applies familiar words to great occasions, as in the instances :

—————“ The great, the important Day,
“ *Big* with the fate of Cato, and of Rome—
“ The *sun* grows *dim* with age, &c, &c.”

This

This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals; we are the more interested in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them, but how inferior is Addison in this respect to our author?

Gimlets they are, &c.

There is no such a word in all *Cato*. How well known and domestic the image! How specific and forcible the application!—Our author proceeds; Having described very accurately the stile of the doctor's hair-dressing, and devoted ten beautiful lines to an eulogy upon the brilliant on the little finger of his right-hand, of which he emphatically says:

No *veal* putrescent, no *whiting's eye*,
In the true water with this ring could vie.

He breaks out in the following most inspired and vigorous apostrophe—

Oh! had you seen his lily, lily hand
Stroke his spare cheek, and coax his snow white band!
This adding force to all his pow'rs of speech;
This the protector of his sacred breech;
That point the way to Heav'n's celestial grace,
This keep his *small-clothes* in their proper place.
Oh! how the comely minister you'd prais'd,
As right and sinister by turn he rais'd!!!

Who does not perceive, in this description, as if before their eyes, the thin figure of emaciated divinity;
divided

divided between religion and decorum ; anxious to produce some truths, and conceal *others* ; at once concerned for *fundamental* points of various kinds ; ever at the *bottom* of things.—Who does not see this, and seeing, who does not admire ?—The notes that accompany this excellent episode contain admirable instances of our author's profound knowledge in all the literature of our established religion, and shall be produced on the very first opportunity, as a full and decisive proof that his learning is perfectly on a level with his genius, and his religion quite equal to his poetry.

No. V. SEPTEMBER 1784.

ON Monday last the twentieth edition of this incomparable poem made its appearance, and we may safely venture to predict that it should be followed by an hundred more ; while the fertile and inexhaustible genius of the author continues to enrich every new edition with new beauties, they will not fail to run through, with the same rapidity that the former have done, so universal is the enthusiasm prevailing among the genuine lovers of poetry, and all persons of acknowledged taste, with respect to this wonderful and unparalleled production.

What chiefly distinguishes this edition, and renders it peculiarly interesting at the present moment, is the
admirable

admirable description contained in it of the newly appointed India Board; in which the characters of the members composing it are most happily, though perhaps somewhat severely contrasted, with those to whom the same high office had been allotted by a former administration. That the feelings of the public are in unison with those of our author upon this occasion, is sufficiently apparent, from the frequent panegyrics with which the public papers have of late been filled upon the characters of these distinguished personages. In truth, the superiority of the present excellent administration over their opponents, can in no instance be more clearly demonstrated, than by a candid examination of the comparative merits of the persons appointed by each of them to preside in this arduous and important department.

Our author opens this comparison by the following elegant compliment to the accomplished nobleman, whose situation as Secretary of State entitles him to a priority of notice, as the eminence of his abilities will ever ensure him a due superiority of weight in the deliberations of the board.

Sydney, whom all the pow'rs of rhet'ric grace,
 Consistent Sydney fills Fitzwilliam's place;
 O, had by nature but proportion'd been,
 His strength of genius to his length of chin,
 His mighty mind in some prodigious plan,
 At once with ease had reach'd to Indostan!

The idea conveyed in these lines of the possibility of a feature in the human face extending to so prodigious a distance as the East-Indies, has been objected to as somewhat hyperbolical: but those who are well acquainted with the person, as well as the character of the noble Lord alluded to, and who are unquestionably the best judges of the *extent* of the compliment, will certainly be of a different opinion; neither indeed is the objection founded in truth, but must have arisen merely from the passage not having been properly understood: it by no means supposes his Lordship to have literally a chin of such preposterous dimensions, as must be imagined, for the purpose of reaching to the East-Indies, but figuratively speaking, only purports, that if his Lordship's mental faculties are co-extensive with that distinguished feature of his face, they may readily embrace, and be competent to the consideration of the most distant objects; the meaning of the author is so obvious, that this cavil has probably originated in wilful misapprehension, with a view of detracting from the merit of one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem. What reader can refuse his admiration to the following lines, in which the leading features of the characters are so justly, strongly, and at the same time so concisely delineated?

Acute observers, who with skilful ken,
 Descry the characters of public men,
 Rejoice that pow'r and patronage should pass
 From *sobbing* Montagu to *pure* Dundas;

C

Exchange

Exchange with pleasure Elliot, Lew'sham, North,
 For Mulgrave's tried integrity and worth,
 And all must own, that worth completely tried,
 By turns experienc'd upon every side.

How happy is the selection of epithets in these lines! How forcibly descriptive of the characters to which they are applied!—In the same strain, he proceeds:—

Whate'er experience Gregory might boast,
 Say, is not Walsingham himself a host?
 His grateful countrymen with joyful eyes,
 From Sackville's ashes see this Phoenix rise;
 Perhaps with all his master's talents blest,
 To save the East, as he subdu'd the West.

The historical allusion is here judiciously introduced, and the pleasing prospect hinted at, of the same happy issue attending our affairs in the Eastern, that has already crowned them in the Western world, must afford peculiar satisfaction to the feelings of every British reader.

The next character is most ingeniously described; but, like a former one, containing some *personal* allusions, requires to be fully understood, a more intimate acquaintance with the exterior qualifications of the gentleman in question, than can have fallen to the lot of every reader. All who have had the pleasure of seeing him, however, will immediately acknowledge the resemblance of the portrait.

See next advance, in knowing Fletcher's seed,
 A youth, who boasts no common share of head;
 What plenteous stores of knowledge may contain
 The spacious tenement of Grenville's brain?
 Nature, in all her dispensations wise,
 Who form'd his head-piece of so vast a size,
 Hath not, 'tis true, neglected to bestow
 Its due proportion to the part below;
 And hence we reason, that to serve the state,
 His top and bottom may have equal weight.

Every reader will naturally conceive, that in the description of the principal person of the Board, the author has exerted the whole force of his genius, and he will not find his expectations disappointed; he has reserved him for the last, and has judiciously evaded disgracing him by a comparison to any other, upon the principle, no doubt, quoted from Mr. Theobald, by that excellent critic, Martinus Scriblerus,

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Double Falshood.

As he has drawn this character at considerable length, we shall content ourselves with selecting some few of the most striking passages, whatever may be the difficulty of selecting, where almost the whole is equally beautiful; the grandeur of the opening prepares the mind for the sublime sensations suitable to the dignity of a subject so exalted.

Above the rest, majestically great,
 Behold the infant Atlas of the state;
 The matchless miracle of modern days,
 In whom Britannia to the world displays
 A sight to make surrounding nations stare,
 A kingdom trusted to a school-boy's care!

It is to be observed, to the credit of our author, that although his political principles are unquestionably favourable to the present happy Government, he does not scruple, with that boldness which ever characterizes real genius, to animadvert with freedom on persons of the most elevated rank and station, and he has accordingly interspersed his commendations of our favourite young Minister with much excellent and seasonable counsel, forewarning him of the dangers to which he is by his situation exposed. After having mentioned his introduction into public life, and concurred in that admirable panegyric of his immaculate virtues made in the House of Commons, by a noble Lord already celebrated in the poem, upon which he has the following observation:

———— As Mulgrave, who so fit,
 To chaunt the praises of ingenuous Pitt?
 The nymph unhackney'd, and unknown abroad,
 Is thus commended by the hackney'd bawd.
 The Dupe enraptur'd, views her fancied charms,
 And clasps the maiden mischief to his arms;

Till

Till dire disease reveals the truth too late ;
O grant my country, Heav'n, a milder fate !

He attends him to the high and distinguished station he now so ably fills, and in a nervous strain of manly eloquence describes the defects of character and conduct to which his situation, and the means by which he came to it, render him peculiarly liable. The spirit of the following lines is remarkable :

Oft in one bosom may be found allied,
Excess of meanness, and excess of pride ;
Oft may the Statesman, in St. Stephen's brave,
Sink in St. James's to an abject slave ;
Erect and proud, at Westminster, may fall
Prostrate and pitiful at Leadenhall ;
In word a giant, though a dwarf in deed,
Be led by others, while he seems to lead.

He afterwards, with great force, describes the lamentable state of humiliation into which he may fall from his present pinnacle of greatness, by too great a subserviency to those from whom he has derived it, and appeals to his pride in the following beautiful exclamation :

Shall Chatham's offspring basely beg support,
Now from the India, now St. James's Court ?
With pow'rs admiring Senates to bewitch,
Now kiss a Monarch's—now a Merchant's breech ?
And prove a pupil of St Omers' school,
Of either *hinson*, *At* or *Jen*, the tool ?

Though cold and cautious criticism may perhaps start at the boldness of the concluding line, and will venture to pronounce it the most masterly stroke of the sublime to be met with in this or any other poem, and may be justly said, what Mr. Pope has so happily styled—

“ To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

Essay on Criticism.

As we despair of offering any thing equal to this lofty flight of genius to the reader of true taste, we shall conclude with recommending to him the immediate perusal of the whole poem, and, in the name of an admiring Public, returning our heart-felt thanks to the wonderful author of this invaluable work.

No. VI. NOVEMBER, 1784.

AS we are credibly informed, that many persons of late have in vain enquired of their booksellers for the former impressions of the *Rolliad*, we are happy in being able to give notice, thus early, of a new edition, *the twenty-first*, now preparing for the press with all possible dispatch. This, like many of the preceding, will be enriched with considerable additions; of which we purpose, hereafter, to give some account. In the mean time, however, to gratify such of our readers as may have been hitherto unfortunately disappointed in their

search

search after the work itself, we shall present the public with some further extracts from the last edition, accompanied as before, with our observations.

We mentioned long since, that most of the passages intended to be selected for our criticisms, were contained in the sixth book, where *Merlin*, by means of a magic lantern, shews to *Duke Rollo* the great characters, contemporaries, and friends of his illustrious descendant, Mr. Rolle. This book, whether it be from the subject, or, as we sometimes flatter ourselves, from the recommendation of our commentary, has been generally admired, above all the rest; and of consequence, it has been revised, corrected, and improved with uncommon care by the author in the successive editions of the poem. Thus in the *nineteenth*, he introduced, for the first time, his *Episode Parsonic*, on the vision of Dr. Prettyman in St. Margaret's pulpit; and in the *twentieth*, the vision of the new Board of Indian Commissioners. At the same time, also, he very much enlarged the description of the House of Commons, with which he judiciously prepares the reader for the exhibition of Mr. Rolle, and the other political heroes of the age, on that theatre of their glory. Maps of the country round Troy have been drawn from the *Iliad*; and we doubt not, that a plan of St. Stephen's might now be delineated with the utmost accuracy from the *Rolliad*.

Merlin first ushers Duke Rollo into the lobby; marks the situation of the two entrances; one in front, the other communicating laterally with the Court of Re-

quests; and points out the topography of the fire-place and the box,

————— in which
Sits *Pearson*, like a pagod in his niche;
The Gomgom *Pearson*, whose sonorous lungs
With "Silence! Room there!" drown an hundred
tongues. —————

This passage is in the very spirit of prophecy, which delights to represent things in the most lively manner. We not only *see*, but *hear Pearson* in the execution of his office. The language too, is truly prophetic; unintelligible, perhaps, to those to whom it is addressed, but perfectly clear, full, and forcible to those who live in the time of the accomplishment. Duke Rollo might reasonably be supposed to stare at the barbarous words, *Pagod* and *Gomgom*; but we, who know one to signify an Indian idol, and the other an Indian instrument of music, perceive at once the peculiar propriety with which such images are applied to an officer of a House of Commons, so completely Indian as the present. A writer of less judgment would have contented himself with comparing *Pearson* singly to a

Statue in his niche—

and with calling him a *Stentor*, perhaps, in the next line: but such unappropriated similes and metaphors could not satisfy the nice taste of our author.

The

The description of the lobby, also furnishes an opportunity of interspersing a passage of the tender kind, in praise of the Pomona who attends there with oranges. Our poet calls her *Hucksteria*, and, by a dextrous stroke of art, compares her to *Shiptonia*, whose amours with Rollo form the third and fourth books of the *Rolliad*.

Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair,
As bright *Shiptonia*, late thy tender care !
Mark how her winning smiles, and witching eyes,
On yonder unfledg'd orator she tries ;
Mark, with what grace she offers to his hand,
The tempting orange, pride of China's land !

This gives rise to a panegyric on the medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique censure on the indecent practice of our young senators, who come down drunk from the eating-room, to sleep in the gallery.

O ! take, wife youth, the Hesperian fruit, of use
Thy lungs to cherish with balsamic juice.
With this thy parch'd roof moisten ; nor consume
Thy hours and guineas in the eating-room,
Till, full of claret, down, with wild uproar,
You reel, and, stretch'd along the gallery, snore.

From this the poet naturally slides into a general caution against the vice of drunkenness, which he more particularly enforces by the instance of Mr. Pitt's late peril from the farmer at Wandsworth.

Ah !

Ah! think, what danger on debauch attends;
 Let Pitt, once drunk, preach temp'rance to his friends;
 How, as he wander'd, darkling, o'er the plain,
 His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's champagne,
 A rustic's hand, but that just fate withstood,
 Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood.

We have been thus minute in tracing the transitions in this inimitable passage; as they display in a superior degree, the wonderful skill of our poet, who could thus bring together an orange-girl, and the present pure and immaculate minister; a connection, which, it is more than probable, few of our readers would in any wise have suspected.

“Ex fumo dare lucem
 “Cogitat, ut speciosa de hinc miracula promat.”

From the lobby, we are next led into the several committee-rooms, and other offices adjoining: and among the rest, Merlin, like a noble Lord, whose Diary was sometime since printed; *takes occasion to inspect the water-closets,*

Where offerings, worthy of those altars, lie;
 Speech, letter, narrative, remark, reply,
 With dead-born taxes, innocent of ill,
 With cancell'd clauses of the India bill;
 There pious Northcote's meek rebukes, and here
 The lofty nothings of the Scrutineer;

And

And reams on reams of tracts, that, without pain,
Incessant spring from *Scott's* prolific brain.

Yet wherefore to this age should names be known,
But heard, and then forgotten in their own?

Turn then, my son, &c. &c.

This passage will probably surprise many of our readers, who must have discovered our author to be, as every good and wise man must be, firmly attached to the present system. It was natural for Dante to send his enemies to hell; but it seems strange that our poet should place the writings of his own friends and fellow-labourers in a water-closet. It has indeed been hinted to us, that it might arise from envy to find some of them better rewarded for their exertions in the cause than himself. But though great minds have sometimes been subject to this passion, we cannot suppose it to have influenced the author of the *Rolliad*, in the present instance. For in that case, we doubt not, he would have shewn more tenderness to his fellow-sufferer, the unfortunate Mr. Northcote, who, after sacrificing his time, degrading his profession, and hazarding his ears twice or thrice every week for these two or three years past, has at length confessed his patriotism weary of employing his talents for the good of his country, without receiving the reward of his labors. To confess the truth, we ourselves think the apparent singularity of the poet's conduct on this occasion, may be readily ascribed to that independence of superior genius, which we noticed in our last number. We there remarked,

with

with what becoming freedom he spoke to the minister himself; and in the passage now before us, we may find traces of the same spirit, in the allusions to the coal-tax, gauze-tax, and ribbon-tax, as well as the unexampled alterations and corrections of the celebrated India Bill. Why then should it appear extraordinary, that he should take the same liberty with two or three brother-authors, which he had before taken with their master; and without scruple intimate, what he and every one else must think of their productions, notwithstanding he may possess all possible charity for the good intention of their endeavours? We cannot dismiss these criticisms without observing on the concluding lines, how happily our author here again, as before by the mention of *Shiptonia*, contrives to recall our attention to the personages more immediately before us, *Merlin* and *Duke Rollo*!

No. VII. NOVEMBER, 1784.

WE come now to the SANCTUM SANCTORUM, *the Holy of Holies*, where the glory of political integrity shines visibly, since the shrine has been purified from Lord *John Cavendish*, Mr. *Foljambe*, Mr. *Coke*, Mr. *Baker*, Major *Hartley*, and the rest of its pollutions. To drop our metaphor, after taking a minute survey of the lobby, peeping into the eating-room, and inspecting the water-closets, we are at length admitted into the House itself.

itself. The transition here is peculiarly grand and solemn. *Merlin*, having corrected himself for wasting so much time on insignificant objects,

(Yet wherefore to this age should names be known,
But heard, and then forgotten in their own?)

immediately directs the attention of *Rollo* to the doors of the House, which are represented in the vision, as opening at that moment to gratify the hero's curiosity; then the prophet suddenly cries out, in the language of ancient religion,

————— *Procul ò procul este profani!*

Turn then, my sons, where to thy hallow'd eye
Yon doors unfold—Let none prophane be nigh!

It seems as if the poet, in the preceding descriptions, had purposely stooped to amuse himself with the *Gomgom*, *Pearson*, *Huchleria*, *Major Scott*, *Mr. Northcote*, and the *Reverend author of the Scrutineer*, that he might rise again with the more striking dignity on this great occasion.

Such of our readers as are acquainted with the old editions of the *Rolliad*, must certainly remember the descriptions of the bar, the gallery for strangers to sit in, and members to sleep in, the clock, the mace, and the Speaker's chair. These have undergone little or no alteration, except, perhaps in one or two places, the correction of an inaccurate rhyme, or a feeble epithet. We shall

shall therefore pass them over in silence, and proceed directly to the Treasury Bench :

Where sit the gowned Clerks, by ancient rule,
This on a chair, and that upon a stool;
Where stands the well-pil'd table, cloth'd in green;
There on the left the Treasury-bench is seen.
No satin covering decks th' unsightly boards;
No velvet cushion holds the youthful Lords.
And claim illustrious bums such small regard?
Ah! bums too tender for a seat so hard!

The four first lines of the above quotation include all that was originally said of the Treasury Bench. The four last are entirely new. Nor, we trust, will their beauty be found inferior to their novelty. They touch on a subject of much offence to the young friends of the minister; we mean, the barbarous and gothic appearance of the benches in the House of Commons. The Treasury Bench itself looks no better than a *first form in one of our public schools*.

No satin covering decks th' unsightly boards;
No velvet cushion holds the youthful Lords.

This couplet states with much elegance the matter of complaint, and glances with equal dexterity at the proper remedy. The composition is then judiciously varied, and the whole art of the poet is employed to interest our feelings in favour of the necessary innovation.

" And

" And claim illustrious bums such small regard ?

" Ah! bums too tender for a seat so hard !"

Every critic knows the interrogation to be a figure of the most powerful effect. Hence it is not unfrequently employed by *Virgil* to give point to a reflection, as

" Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ?"

And if our readers are desirous of seeing its full force in the present instance, they have only to substitute the following verse, which expresses the same sentiment in a more direct manner.

" Illustrious bums might merit more regard."

How flat, how spiritless this, in comparison of the other ? Nor is the interrogation the only strong figure employed in this admirable passage. This is immediately succeeded by an interjection, with an exclamation of the most pathetic kind.

" Ah! bums too tender for a seat so hard !"

Who can read the first line of the couplet without feeling his sense of national honour most deeply injured by the supposed indignity ? and who can read the last without melting into the most unfeigned commiseration for the actual suffering to which the youthful Lords are at present exposed ? It must, doubtless, be a seasonable relief

relief to the minds of our readers to be informed, that Mr. Pitt, as it has been said in some of the daily papers, means to propose for one article of his *Parliamentary Reform*, to cover the seats in general with crimson satin, and to decorate the Treasury Bench in particular with cushions of crimson velvet; one of extraordinary dimensions being to be appropriated to Mr. *W. Grenville*.

The epithet *tender* in the last line, we were at first disposed to consider as merely synonymous with *youthful*; but a friend, to whom we repeated the passage, suspected that the word might bear some more emphatical sense; and this conjecture, indeed, seems to be established beyond doubt, by the original reading in the manuscript, which has since been obligingly communicated to us:

Alas! that burns so late by pedants scarr'd,
Sore from the rod, should suffer seats so hard!

We give these verses, not as admitting any comparison with the text as it now stands, but merely by way of commentary, to illustrate the Poet's meaning.

From the *Treasury Bench*, we ascend one step to the *India Bench*.

There too, in place advanc'd, as in command,
Above the beardless rulers of the land,
On a bare bench, alas! exalted sit
The pillars of Prerogative and Pitt;
Delights of Asia, ornaments of man,
Thy Sovereign's Sovereigns, happy Hindostan!

This

This passage has been so much changed, as to be rendered in a manner perfectly new. The movement of the lines is, as the subject required, more elevated than that of the preceding: yet the prevailing sentiment excited by the description of the Treasury Bench, is artfully touched by our author, as he passes, in the Hemistich.

On a bare bench, alas!—

Which is a beautiful imitation of Virgil's

_____ Ah! *silice in nudâ.*

The pompous titles so liberally bestowed on the *Bengal Squad*, as the *penniless hirelings* of Opposition affect to call them, are truly Oriental taste; and we doubt not, but every friend to the present happy Government will readily agree in the justice of styling them, *pillars of Prerogative and Pitt, delights of Asia, and ornaments of man*; neither, we are assured, can any man of any party object to the last of their high dignities, *Sovereigns of the Sovereigns of India*, since the Company's well-known sale of *Shah Allum* to his own Vizir is an indisputable proof of their supremacy over the Great Mogul.

As our author has been formerly accused of plagiarism, we must here in candour confess, that he seems, in his description of the India Bench, to have had an eye to *Milton's account of the Devil's throne*, which, however,

we are told, much exceeded the possible splendor of any India Bench, or even the magnificence of Mr. Hastings himself.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus, or of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East, with lavish hand,
 Show'rs on her King, barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted fate.——

This concluding phrase, our readers will observe, is exactly and literally copied by our author. It is also worthy of remark, that as he calls the *Bengal Squad*,

The pillars of Prerogative and Pitt,

So Milton calls *Beelzebub*,

A pillar of state——

Though it is certain that the expression here quoted may equally have been suggested by one of the Persian titles, said to be engraved on a seal of Mr. *Hastings*, where we find the Governor-General stiled, *Pillar of the Empire*. But we shall leave it to our readers to determine, as they may think proper, on the most probable source of the metaphor, whether it were in reality derived from *Beelzebub* or Mr. *Hastings*.

From the [above] general compliment to the India-Bench, the Poet, in the person of *Merlin*, breaks out into

into the following animated apostrophe to some of the principal among our Leadenhall-street Governors :

All hail ! ye virtuous patriots without blot,
 The minor Kinson, and the major Scott ;
 And thou of name uncouth to British ear,
 From Norman smugglers sprung, Le Mesurier.
 Hail, Smiths ! and Wraxhall, unabash'd to talk,
 Tho' none will listen ! hail too, Call and Palk :
 Thou, Barwell, just and good, whose honour'd name,
 Wide as the Ganges rolls, shall live in fame,
 Second to Hastings, and Vansittart, thou
 A second Hastings, if the Fates allow.

The bold, but truly poetical *apocope*, by which the Messrs. *Atkinson* and *Jenkinson* are called the two *kinsons*, is already familiar to the public. The *minor Kinson*, or *Kinson the less*, is obviously *Mr. Atkinson* ; *Mr. Jenkinson* being confessedly greater than *Mr. Atkinson*, or any other man, except ONE, in the kingdom.—The antithesis of the *Major Scott* to the *minor Kinson*, seems to ascertain the sense of the word *major*, as signifying in this place *the greater* ; it might mean also *the elder* ; or it might equally refer to the military rank of the gentleman intended. This is a beautiful example of the figure so much admired by the ancients under the name of the *Paronomasia*, or *Pun*. They who recollect the light in which our author before represented *Major Scott*, as a pamphletteer, fit only to furnish a *water closet*, may possibly wonder to find him here mentioned as *THE GREATER Scott* ; but whatever may be his li-

erary talents, he must be acknowledged to be truly great, and worthy of the conspicuous place assigned him in his capacity of agent to Mr. *Hastings*, and of consequence chief manager of the *Bengal Squad*; and it must be remembered that this is the character in which we are now considering him. The circumstance of Mr. *Le Mesurier's* origin from *Norman smugglers* has been erroneously supposed by some critics to be designed for a reproach; but they could not possibly have fallen into this mistake, if they had for a moment reflected that it is addressed by *Merlin* to *Rollo*, who was himself no more than a *Norman pirate*. Smuggling and piracy in heroic times were not only esteemed not infamous, but absolutely honourable. The *Smiths*, *Call* and *Palk* of our poet resemble the

Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque,

of *Homer* and *Virgil*; who introduce those gallant warriors for the sake of a smooth verse, and dispatch them at a stroke, without the distinction of a single epithet. Our poet, too, has more professedly imitated *Virgil*, in the lines respecting Mr. *Vanfittart*, now a candidate to succeed Mr. *Hastings*.

——— And, Vanfittart, thou
A second *Hastings*, if the Fates allow.

——— Si quæ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu *Marcellus* eris!

The passage, however, is, as might be hoped from the genius of our author, obviously improved in the imitation ; as it involves a climax, most happily expressed. Mr. *Barwell* has been panegyricized in the lines immediately foregoing, as *second to Hastings* ; inferior to Mr. Hastings alone in virtues ; but of Mr. *Vanfittart* it is prophesied, that he will be a *second Hastings* ; second indeed in time, but equal perhaps in the distinguishing merits of that great and good man, in obedience to the Court of Directors, attention to the interests of the Company in preference to his own, abstinence from rapacity and extortion, justice, and policy towards the Princes, and humanity of all the natives of Hindostan. The ingenious turn on the words, *second to Hastings*, and a *second Hastings*, would have furnished matter for whole pages to the Dionysius's, Longinus's, and Quintilian's of antiquity, though the affected delicacy of modern taste may condemn it as quibble and jingle.

We shall conclude this number, by inserting, without any comment, our author's new project for the improvement of the India Bench, with which he closes the apostrophe above quoted.

Oh ! that for you, in Oriental state,
At ease reclin'd, to watch the long debate,
Bepeath the gallery's pillar'd height were spread,
(With the Queen's leave) your Warren's ivory bed !

No. VIII. DECEMBER, 1784.

IN every new edition of this incomparable poem, it has been the invariable practice of the author, to take an opportunity of adverting to such recent circumstances, as have occurred since the original publication of it, relative to any of the illustrious characters he has celebrated. The public has lately been assured, that the Marquis of Graham is elected Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and has presented that learned body with a complete set of the engravings of Piranesi, an eminent Italian artist ; of which, we are happy to acquaint the Dilettanti, a few remaining sets are to be purchased at Mr. Alderman Boydell's printshop, in Cheapside, price twelve pounds twelve shillings each. An anecdote reflecting so much honour upon one of the favourite characters of our author, could not pass unnoticed in the Rolliad ; and accordingly, in his last edition, we find the following complimentary lines upon the subject :

If right the Bard, whose numbers sweetly flow,
 That all our knowledge is ourselves to know ;
 A sage like Graham, can the world produce,
 Who in full senate call'd himself a goose ?
 Th' admiring Commons, from the high-born youth,
 With wonder heard this undisputed truth ;
 Exulting Glasgow claim'd him for her own,
 And plac'd the prodigy on Learning's throne.

He then alludes to the magnificent present above-mentioned, and concludes in that happy vein of alliterative excellence, for which he is so justly admired—

With gorgeous gifts from gen'rous Graham grac'd,
Great Glasgow grows the granary of taste.

Our readers will doubtless recollect, that this is not the first tribute of applause paid to the distinguished merit of the public-spirited young Nobleman in question. In the first edition of the poem, his character was drawn at length, the many services he has rendered his country were enumerated, and we have lately been assured by our worthy friend and correspondent, Mr. Malcolm M'Gregor, the ingenious author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, and other valuable poems, that the following spirited verses, recording the ever-memorable circumstance of his Lordship's having procured for the inhabitants of the Northern extremity of our Island, the inestimable privilege of exempting their posteriors from those ignominious symbols of slavery, vulgarly denominated *breeches*, are actually universally repeated with enthusiasm, throughout every part of the Highlands of Scotland—

Thee, Graham ! thee, the frozen Chieftains bless,
Who feel thy bounties thro' their fav'rite dress !
By thee they view their rescu'd country clad,
In the bleak honours of their long-lost plaid ;
Thy patriot zeal has bar'd their parts behind,
To the keen whistlings of the wint'ry wind ;

While Lairds the dirk, while lasses bag-pipes prize,
 And oat-meal cake the want of bread supplies;
 The scurvy skin, while scaly scabs enrich,
 While contact gives, and brimstone cures the itch,
 Each breeze that blows upon those brawny parts,
 Shall wake thy lov'd remembrance in their hearts;
 And while they freshen from the Northern blast,
 So long thy honour, name, and praise shall last.

We need not call to the recollection of the classical reader,

montis
 Dum juga mentis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.

And the reader of taste will not hesitate to pronounce, that the copy has much improved upon, and very far surpassed the original: in these lines we also find the most striking instances of the beauties of alliteration; and however some fastidious critics have affected to undervalue this excellence, it is no small triumph to those of a contrary sentiment to find, that next to our own incomparable author, the most exalted genius of the present age has not disdained to borrow the assistance of this ornament, in many passages of the beautiful dramatic treasure with which he has recently enriched the stage. Is it necessary for us to add, that it is the new tragedy of the Carmelite to which we allude?—A tragedy, the beauties of which, we will venture confidently to assert, will be admired and felt, when
 those

those of Shakspeare, Dryden, Otway, Southerne, and Rowe, shall be no longer held in estimation. As examples of alliterative beauty, we shall select the following:—

The hand of Heav'n hangs o'er me and my house,
To their untimely graves seven sons swept off.

Again,——

So much for tears—tho' twenty years they flow,
They wear no channels in a widow's cheeks.

The alternate alliteration of the second line, in this instance, seems an improvement upon the art, to the whole merit of which Mr. Cumberland is himself unquestionably entitled.

Afterwards we read,

—— Treasures hoarded up,
With carking care, and a long life of thrift.

In addition to the alliterative merit, we cannot here fail to admire the judiciously selected epithet of *carking*; and the two lines immediately following, although no example of that merit, should not be omitted.

Now, without interest, or redemption swallow'd,
By the devouring bankrupt waves for ever.

How striking is the comparison of the ocean, to a bankrupt swallowing without interest or redemption,
the

the property of his unfortunate creditors? Where shall we find a simile of equal beauty, unless some may possibly judge the following to be so, which is to be found in another part of the same sublime work, of two persons weeping——

————— We will sit,
Like fountain statues, face to face opposed,
And each to other tell our griefs in tears,
Yet neither utter word —————

Our readers, we trust, will pardon our having been diverted from the task we have undertaken, by the satisfaction of dwelling on a few of the many beauties of this justly popular and universally admired tragedy, which in our humble opinion infinitely surpasses every other theatrical composition, being in truth an assemblage of every possible dramatic excellence; nor do we believe, that any production, whether of ancient or modern date, can exhibit a more uncommon and peculiar selection of language, a greater variety of surprising incidents, a more rapid succession of extraordinary discoveries, a more curious collection of descriptions, similes, metaphors, images, storms, shipwrecks, challenges, and visions, or a more miscellaneous and striking picture of the contending passions of love, hatred, piety, madness, rage, jealousy, remorse, and hunger, than this unparalleled performance presents to the admiration of the enraptured spectator. Mr. Cumberland has been represented, perhaps unjustly, as particularly jealous of the fame of his contemporaries, but we
are

are persuaded he will not be offended when, in the ranks of modern writers, we place him second only to the inimitable author of the Rolliad.

To return from the digression into which a subject so seducing has involuntarily betrayed us. The reader will recollect that in our last we left Merlin gratifying the curiosity of Rollo, with a view of that Assembly of which he is himself one day destined to become so conspicuous an ornament. After having given the due preference to the India Bench, he proceeds to point out to him others of the most distinguished supporters of the present virtuous Administration. Having already mentioned the most confidential friends of the Minister, he now introduces us to the acquaintance of an active young Member, who has upon all occasions been pointedly severe upon the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, and who is remarkable for never having delivered his sentiments upon any subject, whether relating to the East Indies, the Reform of Parliament, or the Westminster Election, without a copious dissertation upon the principles, causes, and conduct of the American war.

Lo! Beaufoy rises, friend to soft repose;
 Whose gentle accents prompt the house to dose:
 His cadence just, a general sleep provokes
 Almost as quickly as Sir Richard's jokes.
 Thy slumbers, North, he strives in vain to break,
 When all are sleeping thou would'st scarce awake;

Though

Though from his lips severe invectives fell,
Sharp as the acid he delights to fell.

In explanation of the last line, it may be, perhaps, necessary to apprise our readers that this accomplished orator, although the elegance of his diction, and smoothness of his manner, partake rather of the properties of oil, is in his commercial capacity, a dealer in vinegar. The speaker alluded to, under the name of Sir Richard, is probably the same whom our author, upon a former occasion, styled——

Sleep-giving poet of a sleepless night.

The limits of our paper will not allow us to enlarge upon the various beauties with which this part of the work abounds; we cannot, however, omit the pathetic description of the Speaker's situation, nor the admirable comparison of Lord Mahon preying on his patience, to the vulture devouring the liver of Prometheus. The necessity of the Speaker's continuing in the chair while the House sits, naturally reminds our author of his favourite Virgil :

——— *sedit æternumque sedebit*

Infelix Theseus ——

There Cornwall sits, and, oh ! unhappy fate !
Must sit for ever through the long debate ;
Save, when compell'd by Nature's sovereign will,
Sometimes to empty, and sometimes to fill.

Painful

Painful pre-eminence he hears, 'tis true,
Fox, North, and Burke, but hears Sir Joseph too.

Then follows the simile——

Like sad Prometheus, fasten'd to his rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock;
In vain th' effects of strength'ning porter tries,
And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies;
While vulture-like, the dire Mahon appears,
And, far more savage, rends his soft'ning ears.

P. S. The Commentator on the Rolliad having observed, that his criticisms have lately been compiled and published in the form of a pamphlet, begs leave to say, that his respect for the public would never have permitted him to offer them, in so imperfect and undigested a state, to their inspection. That he is in no shape concerned in that publication, will appear from the many errors and typographical mistakes contained in it. It is true, that many of his friends, biaßed no doubt by their partiality, have urged him to collect, and after having revised, to publish them; and, as a farther inducement, the illustrious hero of the Poem, Mr. Rolle, has graciously condescended to give him his permission to dedicate them to him, which last circumstance, so flattering to the commentator, may perhaps prevail upon him to offer them to the public whenever they shall be completed.

No. IX. JANUARY, 1785.

OUR author, in the progress of his plan, which, like that of Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, has the universe for its scene, and *angels* for its agents, has at last arrived at an object whom all the world will acknowledge every way worthy of the writer; a fit *hero* for such a *poet*.

—————dignus vindice nodus—————

will be the common sentiment of all mankind, when it is related, that the sublime builder of "The *Rolliad*" (for surely the *conditor carminum* was never so well applied to any individual before) has selected his Grace the DUKE of NORTHUMBERLAND, Earl Percy, Lord Loraine, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Counties of Middlesex and Northumberland, Vice Admiral of Northumberland, President of the Middlesex Hospital and Westminster Dispensary, a Vice President of the Small Pox Hospital, and a Trustee of the British Museum, as the next subject of his distinction, or in other words, as the next theme of his panegyric, for from an author the least notice is *immortality*.

We have accompanied the introduction of the noble Duke's name, as our readers will perceive, with a pretty correct enumeration of his virtues, as Duke of N. Earl of P. &c. &c. but how would our faint powers have been equal to the task of giving them

them that brilliancy of setting, which marks, and ever will, and ever must mark the poetic jewellery of our eternal bard, who

Non ante vulgatas per artes——

adds new charms to every theme he honours with its touch, and has the dexterity of making

“ Vigour more strong, and beauty’s self more fair.”

He confesses, however, that he shrunk a little at first from the contemplation of such surpassing grandeur, as the blazing virtues of the noble Duke; but soon deriving comfort from the recollection of those leading authorities, “ that a cat may look at a King,” and “ that an eagle can survey the sun,” he determined to proceed. He felt particular pleasure in calling to mind the famous comparison in the eleventh *Aeneid* of Virgil, wherein an eagle is represented to take a *snake* in his talons, to contend with him for some time in the air; after some struggle and difficulty to obtain a decisive victory, and then,

—— simul æthera verberat alis——

“ Thus,” adds this great author in his annotations, “ having got the better of all initiatory dangers, I flattered myself, that I and my hero would rise together; and that *I*, like a *Fierian Eagle*, and *he*, like a true
Aristo-

Aristocratic Snake, would mount with reciprocal stimulus in company."

The author condescends just in this part to quote from a scribbler of the fifteenth century, Mr. *William Shakespeare*, and thus most passionately exclaims, as he essays to encounter the mighty subject of his rapture.

Oh! for a Muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the high and many-titled HUGH
Assume the port of *Plutus*———

————— Pardon, gentles all,
The flat, unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So *great* an object.

The Poet now proceeds to the promised detail of the noble Duke's transcendencies. He speaks in proper terms of his unbounded and disinterested benevolence—of his undescribable contempt of parade, and all the little weak varieties of *lordly* ostentation; of his humility; his generous attachment to his Sovereign, which the author demonstrates by the circumstance of his having served his Majesty for some years in the character of a principal menial, at a time when he was not in the receipt of more than 60,000 pounds per annum; did not get more than 4000*l.* a year for the execution

ecution of the employment, and had hardly a leg to stand upon ; the uncommon reverence and affection which is borne his Grace by all mankind, and particularly *by those who know him best* ; his unexampled patronage of literature, considering the contracted limits of his means ; his total exemption from sordid feelings of all sorts ; his exertions in behalf of his country ; and particularly in *support of the purity of its democracy, &c. &c.*

Our author, now making a very easy and natural transition from the noble Duke's *patriotism in general* to his constitutional abhorrence of all *borough manufactory in particular*, grows inflamed with the contemplation of such uncommon excellencies ; finds himself unable to restrain the fury of his admiration ; perceives his *Pegasus* running away with him ; foams, blows, and frets, till half-choaked with the generous rage that had seized him, he begins to feel, for the first time, his power sink beneath the vast bulk of his subject, and that for once in his life

—— materia superavit opus.

His wonder works itself off in *hemistichs* ; in little poetic spasms ; in half lines, such as the learned reader knows ever characterise the poetry of the ancient classics, in situations of difficulty and passion, and all that his labouring muse is capable of bearing, is such half-formed abortions as the following —

E

How

How shall I find words?——

What power in language!——

Assist me, all ye nine!——

Description's self is lame.——

He concludes this strain of convulsive harmony with a parody :

A Muse ! a Muse !—my kingdom for a Muse !

Recollecting just at this moment that there were other parts of this great man's character, though perhaps less susceptible of poetical ornament, yet better calculated for general entertainment, he suddenly takes leave of his *heroics* ; and bearing in mind that the fame of the noble house of *Percy* had been rather transmitted to posterity on account of their *actions*, than by the studied puffs of their historians, he instantly determines upon telling a story, and judiciously adopting a new measure suited to the new occasion (for no author understands better

——reddere convenientia cuique,——

than the immortal writer of the *Rolliad*) he thus proceeds :

A T A L E.

At Brookes's once it so fell out,
The box was push'd with glee about ;
With mirth reciprocal inflam'd,
'Twas said, they rather *play'd* than *gam'd* ;

A gene-

A generous impulse through them ran,
 And seem'd to actuate every man;
 But as all human pleasures tend
 At some sad moment to an end,
 The hour at last approach'd, when lo
 'Twas time for every one to go.

—Now, for the first time it was seen,
 A certain sum unown'd had been;
 To no man's spot directly fix'd,
 But plac'd—ambiguously betwixt;
 So doubtfully indeed it lay,
 That none with confidence could say
 This cash is mine—I'm certain on't—
 But most declin'd with—"Sir, I won't,
 " I can't in conscience, urge a right,
 " To what I am not certain quite."

Northumbria's Duke, who wish'd to put
 An end to this polite dispute,
 Whose generous nature yearn'd to see
 The smallest shew of enmity,
 Arose and said—"This cash is mine;
 " For being ask'd to day to dine,
 " You see I'm furbelow'd and fine;
 " With full-made sleeves and pendent lace,
 " Rely on't, this was just the case,
 " That when by chance my arm I mov'd,
 " The money from me then I shov'd;
 " This clearly shews how it was shifted."
 Thus said—the rhino then he lifted.—

" Hold, hold, my Lord,"—says thoughtless HARRIS,
Who never made his purse his care ;
A man who thought that money's use
Was real comfort to produce,
And all the pleasures scorn'd to know,
Which from its *snug* enjoyments flow ;
Such as still charm their gladden'd eyes,
Who feel the bliss of avarice :

" Hold, hold, my Lord—how is it known

" This cash is certainly your own?"

" We each might urge as good a plea,

" Or Fox, or Sheridan, or me ;

" But we, tho' less it were to blame,

" Disdain'd so pitiful a claim.

" Then here let me be arbitrator,

" I vote the money to the Waiter."

Thus oft will generous Folly think,

But Prudence parts not so with chink.

On this occasion so it was,

For gravely thus my Lord Duke says :

" Consider, Sir, how great the sum,

" To full eight guineas it will come :

" Shall I, for your quaint verbal play,

" Consign a whole estate away ?

" Unjust ! ridiculous ! absurd !

" I will not do it, on my word ;

" Yet rather than let fools deride,

" I give my *fiat* to divide ;

" So 'twixt the Waiter and myself,

" Place equal portions of the pelf :

" Thus

" Thus eighty shillings give to Ralph,
 " To *Alnwick's Duke* the other half."
Hare and the rest (imprudent croud!)
 At this decision laugh'd aloud:
 " What," say these wild unthinking men,
 " Are you and *Ralph* so equal then?
 " Will *Percy's* noble house descend,
 " To take a Waiter for a friend?
 " Or he who plenty never lacks,
 " Thus with a *Scrub*, go meanly snacks?
 " And be partaker in a gain,
 " That e'en the prouder poor disdain?"
 " Rail if you like, replied the Duke,—
 " Then to himself his portion took."
 Thus, 'spite of all the witless rakes,
 The Duke and Waiter part the stakes.

M O R A L S.

1. This maxim, then, ye spendthrifts know,
 'Tis money makes the mare to go.
2. By no wise man be this forgot,
 A penny fav'd's a penny got.
3. This rule keep ever in your head,
 Half a loaf's better than no bread.
4. Though some may rail, and others laugh,
 In your own hand still keep the staff.
5. Forget not, Sirs, since fortune's fickle,
 Many a little makes a mickle.

6. By gay men's counsels be not thwarted ;
Fools and their money soon are parted.
7. Save, save, ye prudent—who can know
How soon the high may be quite low ?
8. Of Christian virtues bear the sum,
True charity begins at home.
9. Neglect not farthings, careless elves,
Shillings and pounds will guard themselves.
10. Get cash with honour if you can,
But still to get it be your plan.

Such an incident so admirably related as the reader has perceived the above to be, can require no inducement of collateral testimony for the most implicit belief of it, and can receive no illustration or ornament from the most elaborate criticism.

No. X. JANUARY 1785.

ALTHOUGH in our last number, as well for the sake of variety as of an opportunity to display the universality of our author's genius, we gratified the reader with a specimen of his talents in a metre different from that in which we have hitherto been accustomed to admire him, we have by no means exhausted the beauties of that part of his work in which the characters of the leading Members of the House of Commons are so poeti-

poetically and forcibly delineated: what can be more sublime or picturesque than the following description?

Erect in person, see yon knight advance,
With trusty 'squire, who bears his shield and lance;
The Quixote Howard! Royal Windfor's pride,
And Sancho Panca Powney by his side:
A monarch's champion, with indignant frown
And haughty mien, he casts his gauntlet down;
Majestic sits, and hears, devoid of dread,
The dire Philippicks whizzing round his head.
Your venom'd shafts, ye sons of Faction spare,
However keen, they cannot enter there.

And how well do these lines, immediately succeeding, describe the manner of speaking of an orator of such considerable *weight* and authority.

He speaks, he speaks! Sedition's chiefs around,
With unfeign'd terror hear the solemn sound;
While little Powney cheers with livelier note,
And shares his triumph in a silent vote.

Some have ignorantly objected to this as an instance of that figure for which a neighbouring kingdom is so generally celebrated, vulgarly distinguished by the appellation of a Bull, erroneously conceiving a silent vote to be incompatible with the vociferation here alluded to; those, however, who have attended parliamentary debates, will inform them, that numbers who most

loudly exert themselves, in what is called *cheering* speakers, are not upon that account entitled to be themselves considered as such.—Our author has indeed done injustice to the worthy member in question, by classing him among the number of mutes, having uniformly taken a very active part in all debates relating to the militia, of which truly constitutional body, he is a most respectable Pillar, and one of the most conspicuous ornaments.

It is unquestionably the highest praise we can bestow upon a member of the British House of Commons, to say, that he is a faithful representative of the people, and upon all occasions speaks the real sentiments of his constituents; nor can an honest ambition to attain the first dignities of the state, by honourable means, be ever imputed to him as a crime; the following encomium, therefore, must be acknowledged to have been justly merited by a noble Lord, whose *independent* and *disinterested* conduct has drawn upon him the censures of disappointed faction.

The Noble Convert, Berwick's honour'd choice,
That faithful echo of the people's voice,
One day, to gain an Irish title glad,
For Fox he voted—so the people bade;
'Mongst English Lords ambitious grown to sit,
Next day the people bade him vote for Pitt:
To join the stream, our Patriot nothing loth,
By turns discreetly gave his voice to both.

The

The title of Noble Convert, which was bestowed upon his Lordship by a Speaker of the degraded Whig faction, is here most judiciously adopted by our Author, implying thereby that this denomination, intended, no doubt, to convey a severe reproach, ought rather to be considered as a subject of panegyric: this is turning the artillery of the enemy against themselves——

“ Neque lex est justior ulla, &c.”

In the next character introduced, some persons may perhaps object on the seeming impropriety of alluding to a bodily defect; especially one who has been the consequence of a most cruel accident; but when it is considered that the mention of the personal imperfection is made the vehicle of an elegant compliment to the superior qualifications of the mind, this objection, tho’ founded in liberality, will naturally fall to the ground.

The circumstance of one of the Representatives of the first city in the world having lost his leg, while bathing in the sea, by the bite of a shark, is well known; nor can the dexterity with which he avails himself of the use of an artificial one, have escaped the observation of those who have seen him in the House of Commons, any more than the remarkable humility with which he is accustomed to introduce his very pointed and important observations upon the matters in deliberation before that august assembly.

“ One moment’s time might I presume to beg?”

Cries modest Watson, on his wooden leg;

That

That leg, in which such wond'rous art is shewn,
 It almost seems to serve him like his own;
 Oh! had the monster, who for breakfast eat
 That luckless limb, his nobler noddle met,
 The best of workmen, nor the best of wood,
 Had scarce supply'd him with a head so good.

To have asserted that neither the utmost extent of human skill, nor the greatest perfection in the materials, could have been equal to an undertaking so arduous, would have been a species of adulation so fulsome, as to have shocked the known modesty of the worthy magistrate; but the forcible manner in which the difficulty of supplying so *capital* a loss is expressed, conveys, with the utmost delicacy, a handsome, and, it must be confessed, a most justly merited compliment to the Alderman's abilities.

The imitation of celebrated writers is recommended by Longinus, and has, as our readers must have frequently observed, been practised with great success, by our author; yet we cannot help thinking that he has pushed the precept of this great critic somewhat too far, in having condescended to copy, may we venture to say with too much servility, a genius so much inferior to himself as Mr. Pope, in the following lines:

Can I Newhaven, Ferguson forget,
 While Roman spirit charms, or Scottish wit?
 Macdonald, shining a refulgent star,
 To light alike the senate and the bar;

And

And Harley, constant to support the throne,
Great follower of its interests, and his own.

The substitution of Scottish for Attic, in the second line, is unquestionably an improvement, since however Attic wit may have been proverbial in ancient times, the natives of Scotland are confessedly distinguished among modern nations for this quality, that the alteration certainly adds considerable force to the compliment.

However happily and justly the characters are here described, we cannot think this merit sufficient to counterbalance the objection we have presumed to suggest, and which is principally founded upon the extreme veneration and high respect we entertain for the genius of our author. Mr. Addison has observed, that Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the characters of his Epic Poem, both as to their variety and novelty, but he could not with justice have said the same of the author of the *Rolliad*; and we will venture to assert, that the single book of this Poem, now under our consideration, is, in this respect, superior to the whole, both of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* together. The characters succeed each other with a rapidity that scarcely allows the reader time to admire and feel their several beauties.

Galloway and Gideon, in themselves a host,
Of York and Coventry the splendid boast;

Whit-

Whitbread and Ongley, pride of Bedford's vale,
 This fam'd for selling, that for saving ale;
 And N^{one}~~one~~ y P^{aul}~~aul~~t, as the morning fair,
 Bright as the sun, but common as the air;
 Inconstant nymph! who still with open arms,
 To ev'ry Minister devotes her charms.

But when the Poet comes to describe the character of the hero of his work, the present Member for the county of Devon, whom Merlin points out to his illustrious ancestor, as uniting in himself all the various merits of the worthies whose excellencies he has recorded, he seems to rise even above himself.—It is impossible to do justice to his character, without transcribing the whole, which would exceed the limits of our work; we shall therefore only give to our readers the concluding lines, because they contain characteristic observations upon other distinguished Members, most of whom have hitherto passed unnoticed.

In thee, my son, shall ev'ry virtue meet,
 To form both senator and man complete;
 A mind like Wray's, with stores of fancy fraught,
 The wise Sir Watkin's vast extent of thought;
 Old Nugent's style, sublime, yet ne'er obscure,
 With B^{ambro}~~ambro~~ Grammar, as his conscience pure;
 Brett's brilliant sallies, Martin's sterling sense,
 And Gilbert's wit, that never gave offence:
 Like Wilkes, a zealot in his Sovereign's cause,
 Learn'd as Macdonald in his country's laws;

Acute

Acute as Aubrey, as Sir Lloyd polite,
As Eastwicke lively, and as Ambler bright.

The justice of the compliment of Sir Cecil Wray, will not be disputed by those who have been fortunate enough to have met with the beautiful specimens of juvenile poetry, with which some of his friends have lately indulged the public.

Johannes Scriblerus, a lineal descendant of the learned and celebrated Martinus, reads "*Starling Martin's sense*," alluding to that powerful opponent of the detestable Coalition having recommended, that a bird of that species should be placed on the right of the Speaker's chair, after having been taught to repeat the word Coalition, in order to remind the house of that disgraceful event, which had nearly established an efficient and strong government in this country: to which severe and admirable stroke of satire, the object of it clumsily and uncivilly answered, that whilst that gentleman sat in the house, he believed the Starling might be allowed to perform his office by deputy; we have, however, ventured to differ from this great authority, and shall continue to read, "*Martin's Sterling sense*," as well because we are of opinion that these words are peculiarly applicable to the gentleman alluded to, as that it does not appear probable our author should have been willing to make his poem the vehicle of an indecent sarcasm, upon a person of such eminent abilities.

The

The compliment to Mr. B—— G——, in the comparison of the purity of his language, to the integrity of his conduct, is happily conceived ; but that to the ingenious Mr. Gilbert, the worthy Chairman of the Committee of Supply, is above all praise, and will, we are persuaded, notwithstanding the violence of party, by all sides be admitted to be strictly just.

Having now concluded our observations upon this part of the Poem—we shall close them with remarking, that as our author evidently borrowed the idea of this vision, in which the character of future times are described, from Virgil, he has far surpassed his original ; and as his description of the present House of Commons, may not improbably have called to his mind the Pandæmonium of Milton, we do not scruple to assert, that in the execution of his design, that great master of the sublime has fallen infinitely short of him.

No. XI. JANUARY 1785.

AMONGST the various pretensions to critical approbation, which are to be found in the excellent and never-sufficiently to be admired production, which is the object of these comments, there is one that will strike the classical observer as peculiarly prominent and praiseworthy ;—namely, the uncommon ability shewn by the
author,

author, in the selection of his heroes. The *persons* that are introduced in the course of this poem, are characters that speak for themselves. The very mention of their names, is a summons to approbation; and the relation of their history, if given in detail, would prove nothing more than a lengthened panegyric. Who that has heard of the names of a *Jenkinson*, a *Robinson*, or a *Dundas*, has not in the same breath heard also *what they are*? This is the secret of our author's science and excellence. It is this that enables him to omit the dull detail of introductory explanation, and to fasten upon his business, if one may use the expression, *slap-dash*, and at once.

Semper ad eventum pertinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit. HOR.

Homer himself yields, in this respect, to our author; for who would not perceive the evident injustice done to the modern bard, if we were to place the wisdom of an *Ulysses* on any competition with the experience of a *Pitt*; to mention the bully *Ajax*, as half so genuine a bully, as the bully *T*——; if we were to look upon *Nestor* as having a quarter of the interesting circumlocution of the ambiguous *Nugent*; to consider *Achilles* as possessed of half the anger of a *Rolle*; or to suppose for a moment, that the famous *ωωδός-ωκ υς* of antiquity, could run nearly so fast in a *rage*, as the member for Devon in a *fright*. To conceive the yellow haired *Paris* to have had half the beauty of the ten times more yellow-haired

haired *Villiers*; to look upon *Agamemnon* as in any degree so dictatorial to his *chiefs* as the high-minded *Richmond*. To consider the friendship of *Patroclus*, as possessed of a millionth portion of the disinterested attachment of a *Dundas*. To have any conception that the chosen band of *Theſſalian Myrmidons*, were to be any way compared, in point of implicit submission, to the still more dextrously chosen band, which constitute the majority of the *British H— of C—*. Or—but there is no end to so invidious a comparison; and we will not expose poor *Homer*, to the farther mortification of pursuing it.

Mertin proceeds in his relation, and fixes upon an object that will not, we believe, prove any disgrace to our author's general judgment of selection; namely, that worthy Baronet, and universally admired wit, Sir *Richard Hill*, of whom it may be truly said,

———— Pariter pietate vel jocis,
Egregius.

He looks upon him as an individual meriting every distinction, and has thought proper therefore, although he has been slightly touched upon before, to rescue him from the more indiscriminate mob, for a particular description. Speaking of Sir *Richard's* style of elocution, our author observes—

With Bible bawdy, and with sacred smut,
His rev'rend jokes, see pious Richard cut;

He

He to the wondering senate first reveal'd,
 That gospel was for joke so wide a field,
 That no resource was ever found for wit,
 Half so prolific as the holy writ;
 And that of all the jest-books man has known,
 The Bible's merits most distinguish'd shone.

This description will be readily felt, and, we trust, not less cordially admired, by all those who may have enjoyed the pleasure of auricular evidence to Sir *Richard's* oratory. The thought of converting the *Bible* into a JEST BOOK, is, we believe, quite new, and not more original in itself, than characteristically just in its application to this speaker. We all know that *Saul* affected insanity for the sake of religion, in the early periods of our holy faith; and why so great an example should not be imitated in later times, we leave it to the prophane to shew.

We know not whether it is worth observing, that the eloquence of this illustrious family is not confined to Sir *Richard* alone; but that his brother inherits the same gift, and if possible in a greater degree. It is said, there is an intention of divesting this latter gentleman of his cleric robe, and bringing him into the senate, as the avowed competitor of our modern CROMWELL. If this happy event should luckily take place, we shall literally see the observation then realised, that the Ministry will give to their wicked enemies, on the other side of the House, what they have so long wanted and deserved,

“ ——— A Rowland for their Oliver.”

This, however, by the way. Our author resumes his subject with the following spirited apostrophe: ———

Methinks I see him from the Bench arise,
His words all keeness—but all meek his eyes;
Define the good religion might produce,
Practice its highest excellence—abuse;
Advice with his tongue, that two-edg'd weapon, shew,
At once, the double worth of Job and Joe.

Job, as some of our more learned readers may know, is a book in the Old Testament, and is used here *per synecdochen*, as part for the whole. Nothing can be more natural, than the preference given to this book, on this occasion, as Sir R. is well known in his speeches to be so admirable an auxiliary to its precepts. The person of the name of *Joe*, who has received so laconic a mention in the last line of the above extract, will be recognised by the critical and the intelligent, as the same individual who distinguished himself so eminently in the sixteenth century, as a writer and a wit, namely, Mr. *Joseph Miller*; a great genius, and an author, avowedly in the highest estimation with our learned Baronet.

The business of the composition goes on.—It is evident, however, the poet was extremely averse to quit a subject upon which his congenial talents reposed
so

so kindly. He does not leave Sir Richard, therefore, without the following finished and most high-wrought compliment :

With wit so various—pity so odd,
Quoting by turns from Miller, and from—God ;
Shall no distinction wait thy honour'd name ?
No lofty epithet transmit thy fame ?
Forbid it wit, from mirth refin'd away !
Forbid it Scripture, which thou mak'st so gay !
Scipio, we know, was Africanus call'd,
Richard styl'd Long-Shanks—Charles surnam'd The
Bald ;

Shall these, for petty merits be renown'd,
And no proud phrase, with panegyric sound,
Swell thy short name, great Hill?—Here take thy
due,
And hence be call'd the Script'ral Killigrew.

The administration of baptism to adults, is quite consonant to Sir R's creed ; and we are perfectly satisfied, there is not a Member in the House of Commons, that will not stand *sponsor* for him on this honourable occasion. Should any one ask him in future,—who gave you that name ? Sir R. may fairly and truly reply, My *Godfathers*, &c. and quote the whole of the lower assembly, as coming under that description.

Merlin, led, as may be easily supposed, by sympathy of rank, talents, and character, now pointed his wand

to another worthy baronet, hardly less worthy of distinction than the last personage himself, namely, Sir *Joseph Mawbey*. Of him the author sets out with saying,

Let this, ye wise, be ever understood,
Sir Joseph is as witty as he's good.—

Here, for the first time, the annotators upon this immortal poem, find themselves compelled, in critical justice, to own, that the author has not kept entire pace with the original which he has affected to imitate. The distich, of which the above is a parody, was composed by the worthy hero of this part of the *ROLLIAD*, the amiable Sir Joseph himself, and runs thus :

Ye ladies, of your hearts beware :
Sir Joseph's false as he is fair.

How kind, and how discreet a caution ! This couplet, independant of its other merits, possesses a recommendation not frequently found in poetry, the transcendant ornament of Truth. How far, indeed, the falshood of this respectable individual has been displayed in his gallantries, it is not the province of sober criticism to enquire. We take up the assertion with a large comprehension, and with a stricter eye to general character—

Sir Joseph's false as he is fair.—

Is it necessary to challenge, what no one will be absurd enough to give—a contradiction to so acknowledged a truth? Or is it necessary to state to the fashionable reader, that whatever may be the degree of Sir Joseph's boasted falshood, it cannot surpass the fairness of his complexion? The position, therefore, is what logicians call convertible; nothing can equal his falshood but his fairness;—nothing his fairness but his falshood.—Incomparable!——

Proceeding to a description of his eloquence, he says,

A sty of pigs, though all at once it squeaks,
Means not so much as Mawbey when he speaks;
And hist'ry says, he never yet had bred
A pig with such a voice—or such a head!
Except, indeed, when he essays to joke;
And then his wit is truly pig-in-poke.

Describing Sir J.'s acquisitions as a scholar, the author adds,

His various knowledge I will e'er maintain,
He is indeed a knowing man in grain.

Some commentators have invidiously suggested, that the last line of this couplet should be printed thus,

He is indeed a knowing man—in grain.

assigning as their reason, that the phrase *in grain* evidently alludes to bran, with which Sir J.'s little
grunting

granting commonwealth is supported ; and for the discreet and prudent purchase of which our worthy baronet is famous.

Our author concludes his description of this great senator with the following distich :

Such adaptation ne'er was seen before,
His trade a hog is—and his wit—a boar.—

It has been proposed to us to amend the spelling of the last word, thus, *bore* ; this improvement, however, as it was called, we reject as a calumny.

Where the beauty of a passage is pre-eminently striking as above, we waste not criticism in useless efforts at emendation.

The writer goes on. He tells you he cannot quit this history of wits, without saying something of another individual ; whom, however, he describes as every way inferior to the two last mentioned, but who, nevertheless, possesses some pretensions to a place in the *Rolliad*. The individual alluded to, is Mr. *George Selwyn*. The author describes him as a man possessed of

A plenteous store of ready retail wit,
Made for each size, that some it sure may fi ;
Cut for suppos'd occasions, like the trade,
Where old new things for every shape are made !

Such

Such as in Monmouth-street ; for here we see,
At hand for ev'ry make—for you, for me.
To this assortment well prepar'd at home,
No human chance unfitted e'er can come :
No accident, however strange or queer,
But meets its ready, well-kept comment here.
—The very beavers that their stores increase,
And spend the winter on their summer's grease.

The whole of the above description will doubtless remind the classic reader of the following beautiful passage in the Tusculan Question of Cicero :

Nescio quomodo inhaeret in mentibus quasi saeculorum quondam augurium futurorum—idque in MAXIMUS INGENIIS ALTISSIMISQUE ANIMIS existit maxime et apparet facillime. This will easily account for the system of previous fabrication so well known as the character of Mr. Selwyn's jokes. Speaking of an accident that befel this gentleman in the *ways*, our author proceeds thus :

In ancient times, when men did fevers 'scape,
They sacrific'd a Cock to Æsculape ;
From love's hot fever, now reviv'd and free,
No more the prey of am'rous malady ;
See Selwyn well—Oh, pious gratitude,
In these sad times so little understood !
Selwyn remembers what his tutor taught,
That old examples ever should be sought !

And

And now recover'd, to his surgeon cries,
 "I've given to you—the Ancient Sacrifice."

The delicacy with which this historical incident is pourtrayed, would of itself have been sufficient to transmit our author's merit to posterity : and with the above extract we shall finish the present number of our commentaries.

THE DELAVALIA D.

WHY, says an indignant poet, should Mr. ROLLE alone, of all the geniuses that distinguish the present period, be thought the only person of worth or talents enough to give birth and name to an immortal effusion of divine poetry ? He questions not that great man's pretensions ; far from it ; he reveres his ancestors, adores his talents, and feels something hardly short of idolatry towards his manners and accomplishments.—But still, why such profusion of distinction towards one, to the exclusion of many other high characters ? Our poet professes to feel this injustice extremely, and has made the following attempt to rescue one deserving man from so unmerited an obloquy. The reader will perceive the measure to be an imitation of that

that which has been so deservedly admired in our immortal bard, in his play of "*As You Like It*."

From the East to the Western Inde
No Jewel is like Rosalind ;
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Thro' all the world bears Rosalind, &c. &c.

This kind of verse is adopted by the poet to avoid any appearance of too servile an imitation of the *ROLLIAD*.
He begins,

Ye patriots all, both great and small,
Resign the palm to *Delaval* ;
The virtues would'st thou practice all,
So in a month did *Delaval*.
A patriot first both stout and tall,
Firm for the day was *Delaval*.
The friend to court, where frowns appal,
The next became good *Delaval*.—
Wilt thou against oppression bawl,
Just so did valiant *Delaval* !
Yet in a month, thyself enthral,
So did the yielding *Delaval* :
For *Fox* and freedom wilt thou call,
Thus did the clam'rous *Delaval* ;
Yet give to both, a dangerous fall,
So did reflecting *Delaval*.
If resignation's good in all,
Why, so it is, in *Delaval* :

For, if you p—— against a wall,
 Just so you may 'gainst *Delaval* :
 And if with foot you kick a ball,
 E'en so you may—a *Delaval*.
 Gainst *influence* wouldst thou vent thy gall,
 Thus did the patriot *Delaval* :
 Yet servile sloop to Royal call,
 So did the loyal *Delaval*.
 What friend to freedom's fair-built Hall,
 Was louder heard than *Delaval* ?
 Yet who the *Commons* rights to maul,
 More stout was found than *Delaval* ?
 —'Gainst Lords and Lordlings wouldst thou brawl,
 Just so did he—*Sir Delaval* :
 Yet on thy knees, to honours crawl,
 Oh ! so did he—*Lord Delaval*.
 An evil sprite possessed *Saul*,
 And so it once did *Delaval*.
 Music did soon the sense recal,
 Of Israel's King, and *Delaval*.
 Saul rose at David's vile cat-call,
 —Not so the wiser *Delaval* :
 'Twas money's sweetest *sol, la fal*,
 That chear'd the sense of *Delaval*—
 When royal power shall instal,
 With honors new *Lord Delaval* ;
 Who won't say—the *mirac'leus* brawl,
 Is caught by faithful *Delaval* ?
 'Gainst rapine wouldst thou preach like *Paul*,
 Thus did religious *Delaval* :

Yet

Yet screen the scourges of *Bengal* ?
 Thus did benignant *Delaval*.
 To future times recorded shall,
 Be all the worths of *Delaval* :
 E'en Ossian, or the great Fingal,
 Shall yield the wreath to *Delaval*.
 From Prince's court to cobbler's stall,
 Shall sound the name of *Delaval* :
 For neither sceptre nor the awl,
 Are strong and keen as *Delaval*.—
 Some better praise, than this poor scrawl,
 Shall sing the fame of *Delaval* :
 For sure no song can ever pall,
 That celebrates great *Delaval* :
 Borne on all fours, the fame shall sprawl,
 To latest time—of *Delaval* :
 Then come ye Nine, in one great squall,
 Proclaim the worths of *Delaval*.

The annotations of the learned are expected.

F I N I S.

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